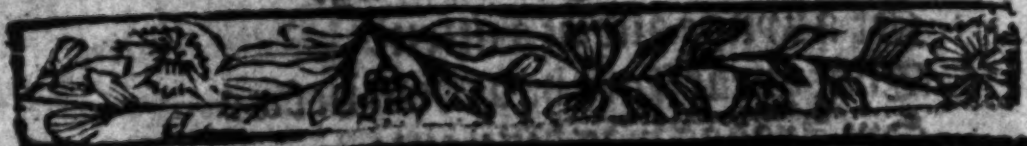




Syr Tryamour.

lix
216
2



and of the hope that he had in his
for to take the lady and to win the
the night of his departure and his wife

Now Iesu chryste our hetten kynge
Graunte you all his dere blessinge
And by cheuen for to wyne
If ye wyll a stounde laye to youre ere
Of aduentres ye shall here
That wyll be to your lykynge
Of a kynge and of a quene
That great Joye had them betwe
Syr Aradas was his name
He had a quene named Margarete
She was as trewe as stele and swete
And full false brought in fame
By the kynges swarde that Marrocke hight
A tratoure and a false knight
Here after ye wyll saye all the same
He loued wele that lady gent
And for she wolde not with him consent
He dyde that good quene moche shamee
Thys kynge loued well his quene
Bycause she was semely to sene
and as true as the turtel on tree
Ether to other made grete mone
For chyldren together had they none
Bygoten on theyr body
Therefore the kynge I vnderstonde
Made a howe to go to the hole lande
Therefore to fyght and to sle
and prayed god that wolde sende him the
Grace to gete a chylde bytwene them two
that there ryght myght be
So his howe he dyde there make
and of the pope they crosse dyde he take
For to seke the londe where god hym bought
the nyght of his departinge on þ lady mylde

As gonis wolde he gate a chylde
But they bothe wyte it natright
and on the morowe whan it was daye
the kynge byed on his Journeys
For to tary he it not thoughte
than the quene began to moorne
By cause her lord wolde no lenger sodeyne
She syghed sore and sobbed full ofte
the kynge and his men armed them ryghte
Bothe lordes barons and many a knyght
with him for to goo
than bytwene her and the kynge
was muche sorowe and mounyng
whan they sholde departe in two
He kyssed and toke his leue of the quene
and of other ladies brighte and shene
and of Martache his swarde also
the kynge commaunded hym on payne of his lyfe
all for to kepe well the quene his wyfe
Bothe in mayle and in woo
Nowe is the kynge for the gone
to the place where god was on the crosse done
and warreth there a while
than bethought this false swarde
as ye shall here afterwarde
his lord and kyng to begyle
He wolwed the quene daye and nyght
for to lye with her and he myght
He dredde no creature tho
Full fayre he dyde to that lady speke
That he mighte in bedde with her slepe
thus full ofte he prayed her so
But she was sted fast in her thought
and herde hym speke and sayd nought

¶ Till he all his tale had tolde
¶ Than she sayd Harroke hast thou noo thought
¶ All that thou spekest is for nought
¶ I trowe not that thou wouldest
¶ Full well my lord be byde trust thee
¶ Whan he to you deliuered me
¶ To haue me vnder thy holde
¶ And hold est full fayne
¶ Do to thy lord shame
¶ Craytoure than arte to holde
¶ Than sayd Harroke vnto that lady
¶ My lord is gone nowe verely
¶ A gayne goddes foes to fyght
¶ And without the more vnder be
¶ He shall come no more at thee
¶ As I am a true knyght
¶ And madame we wyl worke so pryncely
¶ That whider he do lyue or lye
¶ For of this shall wyte no wyght
¶ Than waxed the quene wonder wrothe
¶ And swore many a grete othe
¶ As she was a true woman
¶ She sayd treaytoure yf euer thou be so hardy
¶ To shewe me of suche a belany
¶ On a galowes thou shalt hange
¶ Yf I may knowe after this
¶ That thou tye me to do a myste
¶ Thou shalt haue the lawe of the londe
¶ Syr Harroke sayd lady meccy
¶ I sayd it for no belany
¶ By Ihesu heuen kynge
¶ But onely for to proue your wyll
¶ Whyther that ye were good or yll
¶ And for none other thyng

But now madame I may well see
That ye be true as turtle on the tre
Unto my lord the kynge
And that is to me bothe gladde & lefe
Therefore take it not in grete
For no maner of thyng
And so the treatoure excused hym tho
The lady wende it had bene so
As the stuarde had sayde
He wente for the and helde hym still
and thought he could not haue his wil
Therefore he was euill apayde
So with treason and trechery
He thought to do her belamy
Thus to hymselfe he sayde
Nygth and daye laboured he than
for to deceyue that good woman
So at the laste he her betrayed

Now of thys good quene leue we
And by the grace of the holy trinitie
Full grete with chylde she dyde gan
Nowe of kynge Aradas speke we
That full ferre in hetheneste is he
To fyghte agayne goddes sonne
ther with his armi & withal his might
Slew many a proude sarzyn in fyghte
Grete worde of them thererose
In the hethen lond and also in Bagamy
And in euery ather londe th at they came by
There sprange of hym grete lose
whan he had done his pilgrim age
and laboured all that great vayne
with all his good wyll and lyberte
At flome Jordan and at bedleem

and at caluery belyde Iherusalem
In all the places was he
Than he longed to come home
to se his lady that lyued alone
He thought etier on her gretely
So longe they sayled on the some
Tyll at the last he came home
He aryued ouer the salte stronde
The shyppes dyde stycke theyr saylles echone
the men were gladde y the kynge came home
Unto his owne lande
there was bothe myche and game
the quene of his cominge was full fayne
Eche of them tolde other tydyng
the kynge at laste his quene behelde
and sawe her go grete with childe
He wondred at that thyng
Many tymes he dyd her kysse
And made grete Joye wylhout myste
His hert made great reioysyng
Soone after the kynge herde tydynges newe
By marrocke that false knyght vntrew
with treason he gan his lorde frayne
My lorde he sayd for goddes byne
Of that chylde that neuer thynne was
why arte thou so fayne
ye wene that it your owne be
But syr he sayde for certente
your quene hath you betrayne
an other knyght so god me speide
Bygate thys chylde syth you yede
and hath thy quene for layne
alas sayd the kynge how maye this be
For I betoke her vnto the

Her to kepe in wele and w^o
and vnder thy keepyng how fortun^ed this
that thou suffred her in do amys
alas Haroche why dyde thou so
Sy^r sayde the stuarde blame not me
foz moche more she made for the
as thought she had loued no moe
Itrowed on her no belanp
tyll I sawe one lye her by
as the mele had brought
to hym I canne with eger mode
and slewe the traytoure as he stode
Fulll soze it her forthought
than she trowed she sholde be shente
and promysed me bothe londe & tence
So sayze she may besoughte
to do with her almy will
yf that I wolde holde my self
and tell you nought
Of this sayd thing I haue got w^oter
foz sorow my herte wyll breke asunder
why hathe she done I amys
alasse to whome shall I me more
Syth I haue losse my comly quene
that I was wont to kysse
the kyng thy^s Haroche what is thy rede
It is beste to brene her to ded
My lady that hathe done me this
Now by cause that she is false to me
I wyll neuer more berse
Nor dele with her any
the stuarde sayd lorde do not so
thou shalt her neyther brene ne stow
But do as I shall you tell

Barroche sayd this counceyll I prayd of god
Banysh her out of your lande pzetely
Ferre in exyle
Delyuer her an ambelyngeste
And an olde knyght her to lede
Thus by my counceyll loke ye do
And gyue them some spendyng
That may them oute of the lande to brynge
I wolde no better than so
If an other manes chylde sholde be your heyre
It were neyther good nor fayre
But if it were of your kynne
Then sayd the kynge so mote I the
Knyght as thou sayest so shall it be
And erst wyll I neuer blyne
Lo now is exyled that good quene
But she wyl not what it dyne mene
Nor what made hym to begynne
To speke to her he ne wolde
That made the quenes herte full cold
And that was grete pyte and synne
He dyde her cloth in purple wede
And sette her on an olde stede
That was both croked & almost blynd
He toke her an olde knyght
Kynne to the quene and surnamer knyght
That was bothe curteyse and kynde
Thre dayes he gaue hym leue to passe
And after that daye let was
yf men myght them fynde
The quene sholde be brenned sterke dede
In a fyre with flames rede
This came of the Gardes wynde
Forty florens for theyr expence

The kyng had gyfte the in this preſence
And commaunded them to go
the lady mourned as ſhe ſholde dye
For all this ſhe wiſte not why
He faced with her ſo
the good knight comforted thei quene
And ſays at goddes wyll all muſt bene
Therefore madam mourne you no more
Syr Roger hath he for her muche care
For ofte ſhe mourned as ſhe dyd ſare
and cryed and ſyghed full ſore
Lordes knyghtes and ladyes gentle
Mourned for her whan ſhe wente
And he wayled her that ſeaſon
the quene began to make ſorowful care
whan ſhe from the kyng ſhould ſare
with wronge agayne all reaſon
Forth they wente in nombre three
Syr Roger the quene & the grehounde truly
A wo worthe wycked treaſon
than thought the ſturde truly
To do the quene a belamy
and to werke with her his will
He ordeyned hym a company
Of his owne men pryncely
that wolde aſſent hym tyll
all vnder a wodes ſyde they dyde ly
there as the quene ſholde paſſe by
and helde them wonder ſtill
and there be thought verely
this good quene for to lye by
His huſtes to full fill
and whan ſhe came into the wood
Syr Roger and the quene ſo good

And there to palle without doubte
with that they were ware of the sward
how he was comynge to them warde
with a full gret aboute
Here is treason sayd the quene
Alas sayde syr Roger what may this men
with foes we be sette rounde aboute
The knyght sayd here myll we dwell
Our lyues shall we full dere sell
Be they neuer so floure
Madame he sayde be not a ferde
For I thynke with this same swerde
That I shall make them loute
than cryed the sward to syr Roger on bye
And sayde olde traytoure thou shalt dye
For that I go aboute
Sy: Roger sayde not for the
My dethe shalt thou sore abyde
For with the I wyll fyght
He wente to hym full bozety
And olde sy: Roger bare hym manly
Lyke a full hardy knyght
He hewed on them boldely
There was none of that company
So hardy nor so wyght
Sy: Roger hyt on one the hede
That to the gyrdell the swerde yede
Than was he of hym quyte
He smote a stroke with his swerde good
That all aboute byrtaune the blode
So sore he dede than smyte
truely his grehounde that was so good
Byde helpe his maister and by hym flode
Full bytterly began byte

Than that lady that fayre lode
She fered Marroche in her mode
She lyght on fote and lefte her ftede
And canne fall and wolde not leue
And hydde her vnder a grene greue
For she was in grete drede
Syr Roger than the quene gan beholde
And of hys lyfe he dyde nothyng holde
His good grehounde dyde helpe hym in dede
And as it is in romaynes tolde
Fourtene he flewe of yemen bolde
So he quited him in that ftede
If he had be armed ywys
All the maystry had be his
Alas he lacked wede
As good syr Roger gaue a stroke
Behynde hym came syr Marroche
That euyl myght he fpede
He fnote syr Roger with a fper
That to the ground he dyde hym bers
And fast that knyght dyde blede
Syr Marroche gaue him fuch a wound
That he dyed there on the grounde
and that was a fyn full dede
Now is syr Roger flayne certaynly
He rode forthe and lette hym lye
And foughte after the quene
Fast the rode and foughte euery waye
yet wyfte the not where the quene laye
than had that trayfour tene
Ouer all the wodde he her foughte
But as god wolde he founde her nought
than wared he wrothe I wene
And helde his iourney euyl befette

that he not with the quene had mette
to haue had his pleasure that traytoure kene
and whan he coude not that lady fynde
homewarde they began to wende
harde by where syr Roger laye
thei skuarde hym thurste throughout
for of his deth he had no doubt
and thus the story dooth saye
whan thei traytoure had done so
he let hym lye and wente hym fro
and toke no thought no daye
yet all his company was nye gone
fourtene he lefte there deed for one
there passed but foure a waye
than the quene was ful wo
and whan she sawe that they were go
she made forowe and crye
than she rose and wente agayne
to syr Roger and founde hym slayne
his grehounde by his fete dyde lye
alas she sayde that I was borne
my true knight now haue I lorne
they haue hym here slayne
full piteously she made her mone
and sayd now we must I go alone
the grehounde she wolde haue had full sayne
the hounde styll by his maister dyde lye
he lycked his woundes & dyde whyne and crye
this to se the quene had payne
and sayd syr Roger this haste thou for me
alas that euer it shoulde so be
her heere she tare a thwayne
and than she wente & toke her stede
she no lenger there abede

Leest men thode fynde her there
She sayd for Roger now thou arte dede
who shal me now the ryght waye lede
For now thou mayst speke no more
Ryght on the grounde there as he laye dede
She kyssed hym of the from hym peds
God wote her herte was sore
what for sorowe and drede
fast awaye she gan her spede
She wyte not whether newhere
The good grehounde for welcch
wolde not fro the knyght go
But laye and lycked his wounde
He wente to haue heled hym agayne
and therto he dyde hys payne
No suche loue is in a hounde
This knyght laye till he dyde styll
The grehounde than began to thynke
and scraped a pytte anone
Therin he drewe the deed corse
So he couered with erth and masse
And from hym he wolde not gone
The grehounde laye still there
This queene gan for the fare
For drede of her sone
She had grete sorowe in her harte
the thornes pricked her wonder smart
She wist not whether to go
This lady for the fast gan hve
In to the londe of hongrye
Thyber came she with grete wo
At laste she came to a woddes syde
But than coude she no fether rede
Her paynes toke her so

She lyghted downe in that tyme
For there she dyde her trauayll abyde
God wolde that it shoulde be so
than she with muche payne
tyed her horse by the tappe
And rested her there till her paynes were go
She was deliuered of a man chyld sweete
And whan it begonne to crye and wepe
It ioyed her herte grete
Soone after whan she myght stee
She took her chyld to her full nere
And wranped it full softly
what for wep and for wo
They fell asleepe bothe two
Her stede stode her behynde
there came a knyght rydynge here
And founde this lady so louely of chere
as he hunted after the hynde
the knyght hyght Barnarde Gausewinge
that founde the quene slepyng
Under the grene wood lynde
Softely he wente nere and nere
He lyghted on fote and behelde her chere
As a knyght curteese and kynde
He awaked that lady of beaute
She loked on full piteously
and was ful of fere
He sayde what do you here madame
Of whens be you and what is your name
Haue ye your men forlorne
Syr she sayde yf ye wyll wete
I am named Margarete
In Aragon was I borne
Here I haue suffered moche grete

Help me to but of this my tale
At some towne that I were
the knyght behelde the lady good
Hym thoughte she was of gentyll blode
that was so harde bestadde
He toke her by curteysy
And the chylde tha laye her by
them bothe wyth hym he ladde
and made her haue a woman at wyll
tendynge to her as yt was shyll
all for to brynge her a bedde
what so euee she wolde haue
She neded it not longe to craue
Her speche was ryghte sone spedde
They christened the childe with grete honoure
And named hym Syr Tramour
than the were of him gladd
Grete gyfte to hym was gynn
Of lordes and ladyes by dens
In boke as I recorde
there dwelled that lady longe
with muche ioye then amonge
Of her they were neuer wrope
the chylde was taught grete nurture
A mayster hym had vnder his cure
and taught hym curtesy
this chylde waxed wonderous well
Of grete stature bothe fleshe and fellow
Euery man loued hym truly
Of his company all folke were gladd
None other cause in dede they hadden
the chylde was gentyll and bolde
Now of the quene lette we be
and of the grehounde speche we

that Ierl of colde.

TLonge seven yere to god me saue
He dyde kepe his maisters graue
Tyll that he warr olde
This grehounde sir Roger had kepte longe
and brought him up lyth he was yonge
In storyes as it is tolde
therfore he kepte so there
By the space of seven yere
and go from hym he ne wolde
Euer vpon his maysters graue he lay
Ther myght no man haue hym a way
For hete neyther for colde
without it were ones a daye
He hadde aboute to gete his praye
Of beestes that were bolde
Conynges whan he myght them gete
Thus wolde he labour for his mete
yet grete hunger he had in holde
And seven yere he dwelled there
Tyll it befell on that one yere
Euen on cristmase daye
The grehounde as the story sayes
Came to the kynges palayes
withouten any delaye
whan the lordes were sette to mete for
The grehounde into the hall came
Amonge the knyghtes gaye
All aboute he gan beholde
But he sawe nought what he wolde
Than wente he his waye full of ghyt
whan he had sought and coude not fynd
He dyde full gently by his hande
Spede better whan he myght

The grehounde ranne forth his waye
Tyll he came where his maister laye
as faste as euer he mought
The kinge maruayled on that dede
Frome whens he came and whyder he dede
Or who hym thyder brought
the kyng thought he had sente hym ere
But he wylle not well where
therfore he sayde ryght nought
Soone he bethought hym then
that he hym erste ken
And late syl in a thoughte
the other daye in the same wyle
whan the kyng from hys mete sholderyle
the grehounde came in tho
all aboute there he sought
But the sward founde he nought
than agayne he began to go
than sayde the kyng in that stounde
We thynke that it is Rogers hounde
that wente forth with the quene
I trowe they become agayne to this lond
Lordes all this I vnderstonde
It maye ryght well so be
If that they be into thys lond come
we shall haue worde therof sone
And within shorte space
For neuer syns the wente ywys
I sawe not the grehounde or this
It is a marueylous case
whan he cometh agayne folowe hym
For ettermore he wylle venne
To his maystres dwellinge place
Kynne and go loke ye not spare

Tyll that ye come there
to sy: Roger and my quene
than the thyrde daye amonge them all
The grehounde came into the hal
to mete or they were sette
Marrocke the stuarde was within
the grehounde thought he wolde not blynne
tyll he with him had mette
He toke the stuarde by the throte
And asonder heit botte
But than he wolde not byde
For to his graue he came
there folowed hym many a manne
Some on hors and some besyde
and whā he cāe wher his mayster was
He layde hym downe vpon the grasse
and barked at the meene agayne
there myght no man hym fro place
and yet with flaries he dyd hē bete (gete
that he was almoste slayne
and whar the men saw no better bote
than yede the hore on hors and fote
with grete wonder **I** wene
the kynge sayde by goddes payne
I trowe Marrocke hath sy: Roger slayn
and with treason flemed my quene
Go ye and seke there agayne
For there the houndes mayster is slayne
Some treson there hath bene
thyder the wente so god me saue
and founde sy: Roger in his gracie
For that was soonefene
and there they loked hym vpon
For he was hole bothe fleshe and bone

and to the courte hys body the brought
for whan the kynge dyde hymse
the teres ranne downe from his eye
full sore it him forthought
the grehounde he wolde not see this corse face
than was the kynge caste in care
and sayde Marrocke hath done me tene
slayne he hath that curteyse knyght
and flemed my quene wyth grete vnrigh
as a traytoure kene
the kynge let drawe anon ryght
the stuardes body that false knyght
with horse through the towne
than he hanged hym on a tre
that all men myght his body se
that he had done treason
By Rogers body the next daye
The kynge lette bury in good arraye
with many a bolde baron
The grehounde wolde neuer awaye
By nyght nor yet by daye
But on the grounde he dyde dye
the kynge dyde sende his messengere
In every place fere and nere
After the quene to spee
But for ought he coude enquire
he coude of that lady nothyng here
Therfore the kynge was sorow
The kynge sayd I knowe no rede
for wele I wote my quene is dede
for sorowe now shall I dye
Alas that ever she from me wente
This false stuarde hath me shente
Through his false trechery

This king lyued in grete sorowe
Euery daye bothe euening and morow
till that he were brought to grounde
He lyued thus manly a yere
With mourninge and with euill chere
Hys sorowes lassed longe
And euer it dyde hym grete payne
Whā he thought howe syr Roger was slayne
And howe helped hym hyr hounde
and of hys quene that was so myde
How she went from him grete wchilde
For wo than dyde he founde
Longe tyme thus lyued the kynge
In grete sorowe and mourninge
And often tymes dyde wepe
He toke grete thought more and more
It made his herte wery fore
Hys syghes were sette so depe
Now of the kyng wyll we blinne
And of the quene let vs begyne
And her sonne Tryamour
For whan he was fouertene yere olde
There was no man so bolde
That durst do hym dyshonoure
In euery lymme bothe styffe and strong
Of stature he was bothe large and longe
And comely of hyghe colour
all that erer he dwelled amonge
He dyde neuer none of them wronge
that was the more his honoure
In that tyme sekerly
Dyed the kynge of hunger
That was of grete age yys
He had no helye his sonde to holde

But a dowter of fourtene yere olde
Fayre Glynne she named is
She was as whyte as lely flour
And comely of her gaye coloure
The fayrest of any towne or towne
She was well shapen of fote and hande
Here had she none in no lande
She was so freshe and so amercous
For whan her fader was deed
Grette ware began to spede
In that londe aboute
Than that ladyes counsaile gaue her rede
To gete her a lorde her lande to lede
To rule the realme without doubte
Some myghty prynce that well myght
Rule her lande by reason and ryght
that all men to hym myght loue
and whan her counsaile had sayd so
For grette nede that she had ther to
She granted them without lye
That lady sayd I will no fere
But he be prynce or prynces pere
And chiefe of all chyualry
Therto she dyd consente
And gaue her lordes commatindement
a grette Justynge for to crye
And at that Justynge holde so be
what man that holde wyne the degre
Sholde wyne that lady truly
The daye of Justynge was sette
Halfe a yere wythoute lette
withoute any more delaye
Bycause they might haue good space
Lordes an dukes of euery place

For to be there that daye
Lordes thei beste of euery lande
Herde tell of this tydyng
And made them redy full gaire
Of euery lande there was the beste
Of the the states thei moost honasty
It tyred many a lady gaie
Grete was the chyualry
That came that tyme to hungry
To Just there with might
At laste Crymoure herde tydynges
that there shoulde be a Justinge
Thyder wolde he wende
If he wist that he myght gayne
with all his might he wolde be sayne
that gaye lady for to wyne
He had no horse ne none other gere
Nor no wepen with hym to were
that brake his harte a twayne
He thought bothe euen and morowe
where he myght some armer borrowe
700 Ther of wolde he be sayne
to syr Barnarde he he gan mene
that he wolde hym armours lene
to Juste agayne the knyghtes of mayne
than sayd Barnarde what hast thou thoughte
Hardy of Justyng thou canst nought
For ye be not able wepen to welde
Syre sayd Crymoure whot wote ye
Of what strengthe that I be
Tyll I haue assayed in felde
than syr Barnarde that was full hende
trymoure yf thou wylte wende
thou shalt lacke no wepe

þou art not the all my gette
þeys harneys shelde and spere
thou arte nothenge to drede
Also thyder with the wyll ryde
And euermore be by thy syde
to helpe the yf thou haue nede
all thyng that thou wylte haue
Golde and syluer yf ye wyll craue
thy Journey for to spede
tho was tryamour glad and lyght
and thāked barnard with al his might
Of his grete proferinge
that daye the Justynge sholde be
tryamour set hym on his kne
And asked his moders blyssynge
At hōe she wold haue keped hym saue
But all her labour was in vaine
there myght be no lettynge
She sawe it wold be no better be
Her blyssynge she gaue hym verely
with full soze wepyng
And whan it was on the morowe daye
tryamour was in good araye
armed and well dyght
whan he was sette on fiede
He was a man in lengthe and brede
and goodly in mannes syght
tryamour to the felde gan ryde
and syz Bararde by his syde
theyz hartes was Jocunde and lyght
there was none in all the felde
that was more semelyer vnder a shelde
He rode full lyke a knyght
than was the fayrelady set

for to behelde that playe
There was many a semely knyght
Prynces dukes and lordes of myght
Them selfe for assaye
With helmes on theyr hedes bryght
That all the fylde shone on that light
They were so floure and gaye
Than syr triamour and syr Barnard
they presed them in to the felde warde
there durste no man say naye
There was moche pries and pryde
whan euery man to the other gan ride
And lordes of grete renoune
It befell tryamour that tede
for to be on his fathers syde
the kynge of Aragon
the fyrste that rode forth certaynly
was a grete lord of Lombardy
A wonderfull bolde baron
Tryamour rode hym agayne
for all that lord had myght and mayn
the chyldre bare hym adowne
than cryed syr Barnarde with honoure
A Tryamour tryamour
for men sholde hym kenne
Mayde Elyne that was so mylde
More she behelde Tryamour the chyldre
than all the other menne
than the kynges sonne of Nauerne
wolde not his body warne
He prycked forth on the playne
than yonge tryamour that was so floure
torned hym selfe rounde aboute

and late tooke hym agayne
So neither of them were to growd cast
They late bothe so wonder faste
Lyke men of mu che myght
Than came there forth a batchelere
a prynce proude without pere
Syr James forsothe he hyght
He was þ Emperours son of almaine
He rode syr tryamour agayne
with harde streynge to fighte
Syr James had suche a stroke in dede
That he was tumbled from hes stede
Than sayed hym all his myghte
there men myght se swerdes braste
Helme ne shelde myght not laste
And thus it dured tyll nyght
But whan the sonne drew ferre west
that all the lordes wente to reste
The knyghtes attyred them in good araye
On stedes grette with trappour gaye
Before the sonne gan shyne
than to the felde the pyrked presse
and euery man thought hym selfe beste
than they syerly rane to gether
Grette speeres in pyces dyd shyer
theyre tymber myght not laste
and at that tyme there dyde ronne
the kynge Bradas of aragon
His sonne tryamour mette hym that tyde
His sonne tryamour mette him that tyde
And gaue his father suche a rebounde
that horse and man fell to the grounde
So stoutly gan he tyde
than the nexte knyght that he mette

was syr gawnes and luche a noble knyght
Of the shelde there on the playne
that the blode brast out at nose and yeres
His steede vnto the grounde hym beres
than was syr Barnart e fayne
that maide of grete honour
sette her loue on yonge tryamour
that faughte alwaye as a fyers lyon
Speres that daye many was spente
and w swerdes there was many a styffe lence
till they fayled lyght of the sonne
On the morowe all the were fayne
For to come vnto the felde agayne
with grete spere and shelde
than the duke of Cypyll syr Jylar
that was a doughty man in euery warre
He rode fyrste into the felde
and tryamour toke his spere
agayne the duke he gan it bere
and smote hym in the shelde
a sonder in two peces hit wente
and than many a louely lady gent
Full well the hym behelde
than came forth a knyght that hyght terry
he was a grete lord of Surry
He thoughte noble trymour to assayll
And tryamour rode to hym blyue
In all the strengthe that he myght byue
He thought he wolde not fayle
He smote hym so in that stounde
that horse and man fell to the grounde
So sore his stroke he sette
than durst there no man to tryamour ryde
For fortune helde all on his syde

All that dayes thre
Syr James: sonne vnto the Emperoure
Had enuy to syr Tryamour
And layde wayte for hym pryuyly
at the laste Tryamour came rydyinge by
Syr James sayd traytoure thou shalt dye
for thou hast done me shame
He rode to Tryamour with a speare
and throughe the thyghe he gan hym bere
He had almoste hym slayne
But Tryamour hvt hym on the heed
that he fell downe starke deed
than was all his men woo
than they wolde haue slayne tryamour
without he had had the greter socoure
they purposed to do so
with that came the kynge Aragus then
And rescued tryamour with all his men
that stode in grete doubte
than syr barnarde was full woo
that tryamour was hurte soo
than to his owne house he hym brought
But whan the mother sawe her sonnes wound
He fell downe for sorowe to the grounde
And after a leche she sente
Of this all the lordes that was at Justyce
to the palayes they made hyenge
And to that lady wente
truely as the story sayes
they pricked forth to the palayes
the ladies wyll to here
Bachelers and knyghtes preest
that she myght chole of them the best
whiche to her faynest were

the lady behelde all that fayre meyne
But tryamour she coude not se
Tho chaunged all her chere
Tho she sayd lordes wher is he
that euery daye wanne the degre
I chose him to my lere
all aboute they tryamour sought
He was ryden home they founde hym nought
than was that lady wo
The knyghtes wer afore her brought
and of respyte she them besought
a yere and no mo
She sayde lordes so god me saue
He that me wanne he shall me haue
ye wote well that my cry was so
They all consented her vntyll
For she had sayd nothyng yll
They sayd it sholde be do
For whan they had all sayde
Thus answered that fayre maide
I wyl none but tryamour
Than all the lordes that were present
toke theyr leue and home wente
there wanne they lytell honoure
Syr James menne were nothyng fayne
Bycause there mayster was slayne
that was so stoute in stoure
In chare his body they layde
and ladde him home as I haue sayde
Unto his fader the Emperoure
and whan that he his sonne gan se
a sory man than was he
and asked who hadde done that dysshonoure
they sayde we wote not who it was ywys

But the Emperoure was named the Emperoure
so called the Emperoure the Emperoure
the Emperoure the Emperoure the Emperoure
he helped the Emperoure the Emperoure
withall his company the Emperoure
they sayd they be good Emperours
They bete us with Emperours
with Emperours the Emperoure
Alas sayd the Emperoure
till I be venged on that Emperoure
Now shall we see the Emperours
They shall have Emperours
Bothe the Emperours and Emperours
They shall have Emperours
They Emperours the Emperours
And after grete Emperours
Of prynces hold Emperours
Dukes Emperours the Emperours
with a great army the Emperours
they went to Emperours with Emperours
Emperours Emperours the Emperours
For the Emperours the Emperours
that batayle wold Emperours
he sawe his Emperours Emperours
And to a castell he Emperours
and bytalled Emperours
The Emperours was Emperours
And bysyege the castell Emperours
his baner he began Emperours
and arayed his Emperours
with wepens stronge and Emperours
he thought to make Emperours
he gaue a Emperours the Emperours
Emperours Emperours was Emperours

Or theyne shewen with
with gounes and grete fones round
were throwen downe to the ground
and on the men were passe
They brake many backs and bones
thus they fought euery daye ones
whyle seven wekes and after
The Emperour was hurt yll therfore
His men were hur
All his Joyes past
Kynge Aragus thought full longe
that he was byfyred so strange
with so muche might and mayne
two lordes forth in message he sente
And straye to the Emperours p
So what theyr oude h
Of peas they gan hym praye
And take trelles tells a certayne daye
they kneled downe on theyr knee
and sayde our kynge sendeth worde to the
that he neuer yowr sone by all means
So he wolde nurse hym fayne
He was not then present
Nor in no wyse byde consent
that your sone was slayne
That will he pryncesse byll
your selfe and he bytweene you
If ye will it forne
Or els take your selfe a knyght
And he will do another to fight
On a certayne daye
If that your knyght happeso
Or for to dyscomfyt
as by fortune it maye

Our kyng than byll doth in our toun
and be at your byddynge to be done
without more delaye. And so he sayd
and also pte betwene. And so he sayd
that your knyght on our toun
By slayne by myght. And so he sayd
My lord shall make your warrelasse
without any dystaunce. And so he sayd
The Emperoure sayd withoute sayle
sette a daye of batayle. And so he sayd
By assent of the kyng of Fraunce
for he had a great company. And so he sayd
In every realme he to shew the realme
to the Emperoure. And so he sayd
whan pease was made and trested. And so he sayd
The kyng of Aragus was a joyfull man
and trusted in a tyrant. And so he sayd
So shal he be trested without sayle
for to do the trest batayle. And so he sayd
To his helpe and socour. And so he sayd
His messengers were come and gone. And so he sayd
Cydnynges of hwarde they none. And so he sayd
The kyng of Aragus thought by myght
and he be doth. And so he sayd
who shall than fight with Marsadas. And so he sayd
That is so stout and strong. And so he sayd
Whan tyrant was hore and founde
and well heled of his wounde. And so he sayd
He busked hent for to face. And so he sayd
He sayde moder with myde chere. And so he sayd
and I wyll what my fader wote. And so he sayd
The lesse were my caruon. And so he sayd
Some the sayde then that he. And so he sayd

whā thou haddeste dēst dēst dēst
Thy fader thou shalt he mōd
Moder he sayd yf he wyll
Haue good daye for now I go
to do maystryes yf I can
Than rode he ouer dale and dale
tyll he came to a dragonne
ouer many a wery waye
aduentures many by him befell
and all he scaped full well
In all his greates house
he sawe many a wylde best
Bothe in heil and in wylde
he had good gylt
To a harte he let the harte
And that wylde best aspid hym
So thretynyge by the waye
they yede to the towne
It was no bote to byde the byde
Tryamour was lothe to
he sayde to them lordes I praye
lete me in pease to my wyfe
to seke my greuousnes
than sayde Tryamour as in this tyme
Of golde and spure take all myne
If that I haue trespassed
They sayd he wyll wylte
There shall no golde
But in pryson thou shalt be brought
Suche is the lawe of the ground
whosoever therein he founde
Other waye go they nought
than saye Tryamour was full
that he shold to pryson go

He thought the fler he to deete brought
there was no more to save
the fosters at hym gan laye
with strokes fletne and floute
there tryamourer with them fought
and to they grounde some he brought
He made them lowe to loke
Some of them felle gan praye
the other fledde felle awaye
with woundes wyde that they fought
tryamour rod it fought his greiboundes
He harkned to here ther yering lounde
And thoughte not for to fere them so
at laste he came to a water fyde
there he sawe the best abyde
That had flayne of his greiboundes
the thynde full sore troubled the hynde
And he hurte hym with his tynne
than was tryamourer wo
If the batayle had lassed a while
the harte wolde the hounde begyle
And take his lyfe for evermore
Tryamourer smote at the deete
that to the harte wente the spere
Than his horne he blew full sore
The kynge laye ther besyde
At a maner that same fyde
He herde a ho-ne blowe
They had grete wonder in hall
Bothe squyers and knyghtes all
for no man coude it knowe
with that came in a foster
Into the hall with enyll chere
He was full soze I trowe

The kynge of trynges gan hym prayne
He answered sy? kynge your keepers be dayne
And lye deed on a rowe
There came a knyght that was myghty
He let the grehounes renne full wyghty
And layde my felowes full lowe
He sayd it was full true
That the same that the home blewe
That all this sorowe hath wrought
Good kynge arades sayd than
I haue grete nede of suche a man
God hath hym hyther brought
The kynge commaunded knyghtes this
He sayd go fetch the that gentleman to me
That is now at his playe
Loke none yll wordes to hym ye breke
But praye hym with me for to speke
I trowe he wyll not lye enaue
Euery knyght his hede hente
and lyghly to the wodde the wente
to seke Tryamour (tryamour) hat chyd
They founde hym by a water syde
where he brake the best that tye
that harte that was so kynde
the sayde sy? god be at your game
He answered them even the same
than was he aferde of gyle
Sy? knyght he sayde is it your wyll
to come and speke our kynge vntyll
weth wordes meke and mylde
tryamour asked them thorsely
what hyght your kynge tell you me
that is lorde of this londe
this londe hyght aragolone

And Aradas our kynge with crowne
His place is here at hande
Tryamour wente unto the kynge
And he was glabbe of his comynge
He knewe hym at the fyrste syght
The kynge toke hym by the hande
And sayd welcome to this lande
And aske hym what he myght
By my name is tryamour
Ones ye helped me in a flour
As a noble man of myght
And now I am here in your londe
So was I neuer rellie I vnderlonde
By god full of myght
Whan the kynge wylt that it was he
His herte reioysed grete
thre tymes he dyde doune fall
And sayd tryamour welcome to me
Grete care and sorowe I have for the
And he tolde hym all
Whil the Emperoure he toke a daye
Defende me yf that I maye
to Iesu wylt I call
For I neuer his tonne newe
God it knoweth I saye but true
And helpe me I trust he shall
than sayd tryamour tho
that ye for me have be greued so
If I myght it amende
And at the daye of batayll
I trust to proue my myght well
If god wylt grace me sende
than was kynge Aradas very glabbe
And of Aradas he was not adrabbe

whan he to the p[ar]tye was come
He Joyed that he shoulde well speke
For Tryamour was more at neede
Agensse bys enemye to defende
there Tryamour dwelled with the kynge
Many a weke withoute lettynge
He lacked ryghte payghte
and whan the daye of batayle was come
The myp[er]our with his men bated him soone
and many woder thoughte
He broughte thider bothe kynge and knyghte
and Maradas that was of myghte
to batayle hym he broughte
there was many a semely man
So then I tell you can
and of them all he heroughte
Bothe parties that p[ar]tye daye
Into the felde toke the waye
they were all readyd
the kynge ther e mylled tryamour
and sayde I make the man herethis houre
and doubt the a knyght
Syr sayde tryamour take no drede
I trust that Iesu wyl me speke
for you be in the ryghte
therfore throughe goddes grace
I wyl fyghte for you in this place
with the helpe of our lordes myghte
Bothe parties were fullfoure
to holde the promys that was made before
to Ihesu gan the call
Syr tryamour and Maradas
well armed they bothe was
amonge the lordes all

Eche of them were sette on fode
all menne of Tryamoure had drede
That was to hynde in all the world
Marradas was styfe and sure
there myght no man his strokes endure
But that he made him falle
Than rode the toger full right
wyth sharpe speeres and wyrdes bygh
they smote together fore
they spende speeres and brake helmes
they pouled foule in the felde
Eythre comen as wythe a hore
all the world that behelde
How they fought in the felde
There was but a pte
Marradas fared fere wode
Bycause treamoure so longe rode
Hore gan he rylle
Syz Tryamoure fawle of Marradas
that stroke lyght vpon his hore
the swerde to grounde gan lyght
Marradas fawle to fete haine
On a ftede to wreke his game
Thou holdest rather for myght me
Tryamoure fawle by goddes myghte
I had leuer it had on the lyghte
Than wolde I not be fore
But here I geue the fede in yne
Bycause that I haue slayne thyne
By my wyll it shal be so
Marradas sayde I will noughte
Eyll I haue hym with strokes boughte
And wonne hym here in fyghe
Syz Tryamoure lyghte from his hore

and to say adown his harte he got
for both of them they onde lught to summe llye
Syn tryamour spared hym naught
And euer in hys herte he thought and sayde
this daye was I made a knyght
And thought he hym selfe wolde be fayne
Or elles of hym selfe wolde myghte
throughe goddes myghte
the layde eche at other with good wyll
with sharpe swerdes that was made of stele
that saue many a lught
Grette wonder it was to beholde
the strokes that was bit with them so bolde
All menne mightt to
the where wery and had so grette bledd
Aradas was sore a drede
He saynted than grette
And that tryamour lightly behelde
And fought syerly in the felde
He stroke Aradas so sore
that the swerde throughe the bodye came
than wys the Emperoure a sor man
He made them pease for euer more
He killed the kinge and was his frende
And toke his leue homewarde to wende
No lenger there dwell wolde he
than the kynge Aradas and tryamour
wente to the palayes with grette honoure
In to that cyche cyche
there was Joye withoute care
and all they had grette welfare
ther myght no better be
they hunted and rode many a where
Full grette pleasure they had there

Amonge the knyghtes of prynces
The kynge professed hymself sayre and charyte
and sayd Tryamour make the myne herte
for thou arte stronge and wyse
Syr Tryamour sayd syr truly
In to other countreys go wyll I
I desyre of you but a stede
Unto other londes wyll I go
Some grete aduentures for to do
Thus wyll I my lyf lede
The kynge was very fow the nother
whan that he wolde from hym go
He gaue hym a stede swete
Also plenty of syluer and golde
And a stede as he wolde
That nothyng wolde fere
He toke his leue of the kynge
And mourned at his departyng
Than hasted he hym there
The kinge saide tryamour this mene
whan thou lyft it shalbe thyne
And my kyngdome lesse and more
Nowe is tryamour forth gone
Lordes and ladyes for hym were won
Euery man loued hym there
tryamour rode in hast truly
Into the londe of hungry
aduentures for to seche
Bytweene two mountaynes the sothe to seke
He rode forth on his waye
with a palmer he dyde mete
He axed almes for goddes sake
and tryamour he hym not forgate
He gaue hym with wordes swete

The palmer sayde thus he agaynes
Or els I fere ye wyl be slayn
ye may not passe but ye be bettes
traymoure axed why so
Syr he sayde there brethren
Than on the mountayne dwelless
In fayth sayd traymoure yf thet be no more
I truste in god that waye to
If this be trewe that thou telles
He hadde the palmer good daye
And rode forth on hys waye
Ouer hethes and felles
the palmer prayed to hym full fast
traymoure was not agast
He blewe hys horne full
He had not ryden but a whyle
Not the mountenaynes of a byle
two knyghtes he sawe on a byle
the one of them to hym gan ryde
the other styll gan abyde
a lytell ther besyde
and whan the traymoure sawe
the sayd traytours fame
therfore stand and abyde
Eythre agayne other gan ryde faste
they strokes made they spekes to brasse
And made them woundyr full
the other knyght that helde the
wonderd that traymoure durd
he rode to them that tyme
and departed them a twayne
to speke saye he began to stonne
with wordes that sounde
to traymoure they sayd thus

So doughty a knyght knowe I none may I tell
thy name that thou hast tell me of thy name
tryamour sayd I will I will I will I will
why that ye do kepe this forte I will I will I will
And where that ye do dwell I will I will I will
they sayde we have a brother knyght I will I will I will
with the Emperoure forsothe he was in an yere
a stronge man well I knowe I will I will I will
In aragon before the Emperoure I will I will I will
a knyght men called hym for tryamour I will I will I will
In batayle the Emperoure I will I will I will
and also we say another I will I will I will
Burlonge our elder brother I will I will I will
As a man of muche myght I will I will I will
He hath besyged to the I will I will I will
The kynges doughter of houngr I will I will I will
To wedde her he hath the I will I will I will
And so well he hath the I will I will I will
That he shall that lady wedde I will I will I will
But she may fynde a knyght I will I will I will
that Burlonge our eldome maye I will I will I will
to that they have taken a daye I will I will I will
wage batayle and I will I will I will
for that same tryamour I will I will I will
Loved that lady parmyoure I will I will I will
As it is before tolde I will I will I will
If he wylle to houngr I will I will I will
Neddes he muste come I will I will I will
To mete with him he wylle I will I will I will
tryamour sayd I have not name I will I will I will
But my name wylle I tell this daye I will I will I will
In fayth I wylle not I will I will I will
I thinke your I will I will I will
for with tryamour ye have mete I will I will I will

that your brother hath slayne and a yfthound of
welcome they sayde tryamourde. His name was
his deeth shalthe thou thyselfe foras much as thou
thy sorowe shall be gylty. I sayd of my last yfth
yelde the to vs anon. I sayd of my last yfth
for thou shalt not from us gon. I sayd of my last yfth
By no maner of gyfte. I sayd of my last yfth
they smote fyrstly abowt the necke and
and tryamour agayn. The nexte blowe was
withoute more delaye. I sayd of my last yfth
Syr tryamour prouche him full prest
and brake the spere on the breste. The nexte blowe
he had suche assaye. I sayd of my last yfth
his helde was broken in pyeces. The nexte blowe
his horse was smiten on his knee. I sayd of my last yfth
so harde at hym they threste. I sayd of my last yfth
Syr tryamour than was ryght woode. I sayd of my last yfth
and felle the one there as he stode. I sayd of my last yfth
with his swerde full prest. I sayd of my last yfth
that other rode his wyfe. I sayd of my last yfth
his herte was in grette strepe. I sayd of my last yfth
yet he tournd agayn. I sayd of my last yfth
whan tryamour had slayne his brother. I sayd of my last yfth
a sorow man was that other. I sayd of my last yfth
and streyghte agayne to hym byde ryde. I sayd of my last yfth
Than they two sore fought. I sayd of my last yfth
That the other to the grounde was brought. I sayd of my last yfth
than were they bothe slayne. I sayd of my last yfth
Tho the lady on tryamour thought. I sayd of my last yfth
For of hym she knewe ryght nought. I sayd of my last yfth
She wylt not what to saye. I sayd of my last yfth
The daye was come that was followe. I sayd of my last yfth
the lordes assembled withoute lette. I sayd of my last yfth
all in good araye. I sayd of my last yfth

1400
Burlonge was redy bryght
He had the ladye before hym
She answered I ne may
For in that castell the ladye
To kepe her with all her myght
As the story dothe saye
She sayde yf Tryamour be alrede
Hyther wyl he come by the
God sende us grace to speke
With that came in Tryamour
In the thyeck of that floure
Into the feld of batayle
He arode what al that byde mene
People shewd a batayle there
For the loue of that ladye
He sawe Burlonge on his steede
and praye to hym that he yede
that ladye chalenge to
Burlonge arode byde and he wold fight
Tryamour sayde with all my myght
to flee there thou maye
anone they made cheyng
there knewe hym none
They wondred what he shoulde be
hye in a towe of that goodly ladye
She knewe not what knyght he was
That with Burlonge byde fight
Fast she arode of her men
yf they coude that knyght keene
that to batayle was bryght
A gryffon he bereed all of blew
An her arde of armes soone hym knewe
And sayde anone right
O adame god hath sente yow to socoure

for yonder is tryamour
That with Burlonge will speke
To Jhesu gan the lady praye
For to speke him on his Journey
that he aboute yede
than these knyghtes came togged
the speres in pices gan they
they fought full fore in dede
there was no man in the felde that
that wyth who shold have the better of the two
So myghtyly the dyde them betwixt
the batayle laste wonderdunge
though Burlonge was nemesle strong
there founde he his peryll
tryamour a stroke to hym myght
his swerde fell downe at that myght
Out of his hande hym fro
than was Burlonge wonder gladd
And the lady was yere sadde
And many were full wo
tryamour ated his swerde agayne
But Burlonge gan hym crymen
to knowe fyll his name
And sayde tell me fyll what þy byght
and whi þu chalengest this lady bright
than shalt thou have thy swerde agayne
Tryamour sayde so mote I the
My name wyll I tell truely
ther of I wyll not doute
Men call me syr tryamour
I wanne this lady in a floure
Amonge barons floure
than sayde Burlonge thou it wanne
that flewe my brother

a taye hadde the betell
 Syr Tryamour sayde to hym tho
 So haue I done thy bretherne tho
 that on the mountayne dyde dwell
 Burlonge sayd wo may thou be
 for thou hast slayn my bretherne thre
 Sorowe hast thou sought
 Thy swerde getest thou neuer agayn
 Tyll I be venged and thou slayne
 Now am I well bethought
 Syr Tryamour sayd no force tho
 Thou shalt repente it or thou go
 Do forth I drede the nought
 Burlong to smyte was redy bowne
 His fete slipped and he fell downe
 and Tryamour ryght well wrought
 hys swerde lyghly he vp hente
 and to Burlonge faste he wente
 for nothyng wolde he flee
 and as he wolde haue risen agayne
 he smote his legges even at wayne
 harde fast by the knee
 Tryamour hadde hym stande vpryghte
 and all men may se now in fyghte
 we ben mete of assaye
 Syr tryamour suffred hym
 to take another wepen
 as a knyght of moche pryce
 Burlonge on his stompes stode
 as a man that was nye wode
 and faught wonder falle
 and syr Tryamour strake strokes sure
 for he coude well endure
 Of hym he was not aferde

And vnder his ventayle
Hys heed he smote of withoute sayle
With that inperys his swerde braste
Nowe is Buryngeslayne
And Tryamourre with mayne
1500 Into the castell wente
To that lady that was full bryght
And at the gate she mette thei knyght
And in her armes she him hente
She sayd welcome Syr tryamourre
Ye haue bought my loue full dere
My herte is on you lente
Tho sayde all the barons bolde
Of hym we wyll oure landes holde
and therto they dyd assente
Ther is no more to saye
But they haue taken a certayne daye
that they bothe shall be wedde
Syr tryamourre for his mother sente
A messenger for her wente
And into the castell her ledde
Tryamourre to his moder gan sayne
My fader wolde I knowe sayne
Syth I haue so well spede
He sayde kynge Aragus of Aragon
He is thy father and thou his sonne
I was his wedded quene
A lesynge was borne me on honde
And falsely flemed out of his londe
By a traytoure kene
Syr Marrocke he hyght that dyde the two
And my knyght Syr Roger he dyde slo
that my gyder holde haue bene
And whan that tramoure all herde

And how his moder to him layde
Letters he made and brought
He prayed kyng aragus to come hit
If that it were his wyll
thus he hym besought

If he wyll come to hungry
For his manhode and his maynteyn
and that he wolde sayle hym noughte
tho was kyng aragus very gladde
the messengers grete gyftes had

For the tydings that the brought
they daye was come that was sette
Lords came thider without lette
and ladyes of grete pryde
than wolde they no lenger lette

Shortly forthe they her sette
with two lukes on euery syde
The lady to the chyrche they ledde
A bysshoppe them togyder dyd wedde
In full grete haste they byed
Soone after that weddyng

Syr Tramoure was crowned kyng
they wolde no lenger abyde

The quene his moder Margarete
Before the kyng she dyde sete

In a goodly chere
Kyng aradas behelde his quene

hym thought that he had her sene
She was a lady fayre

The kyng sayd is it your wyll
for to tell me what is your name

I praye you with wordes fayre
My lord she sayde I was your quene
your guarde dyde me mekyl tene

That euill myght hym befall
the kynge spake no mo wordes
till the clothes were drawn fro the bordes
And men rose in the hall
And by the hande he toke the quene gentle
So in the chambre forth he wente
And there she tolde hym all
Than was there grete ioye and blyſſe
whan they togyder gan kyſſe
Than all the company made Joye ynowe
the yonge quene full gladde
that ſhe a kynges ſonne to her lord had
She was gladde & trowe
In Joye togyder they ledde theyr lyfe
All theyr dayes withoute ſtryfe
And lyued many a fayre yere
than kynge aradas and his quene
Had ioye ynoughe them bytwene
And merly lyued togyder
and thus we leue of tryamour
That lyued longe in grete honour
with the fayre Elyne
I pray god gyue theyr ſoules good reſt
And all that haue herde this litell geſt
I praye heuē for to hymne
God graunte vs all to haue & grace
Hym for to ſe in the ceſtiall place
I praye you all to ſaye. Amen

Printed at London in Temes ſtrete byſ
the thre Crane wharfe By wylliam Copland

